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PRECOCIOUS.

She: DO YOU WALK MUCH?

He (with mind on athletics): NO, BUT I RUN AND JUMP A LITTLE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THE capacity for being shocked is a valuable characteristic which no well-regulated person should be willing to lack. It is a powerful condiment, which may give flavor to situations otherwise tame. It may even be compared to the slice of lemon which gives piquancy to the cocktail and the grateful nutmeg which lends amenity to a milk punch. But it must be timely. No one cares for lemon in his milk punch or nutmeg in his cocktail; neither is there any profit or pleasure in being shocked out of place.

M. DE MONTIGNOR, the worthy Recorder of Montreal, can blush like a school-girl on any sort of provocation, and is naturally proud of his accomplishment. But it is to be feared that in his pride of modesty he has let his peculiar faculty run away from him. A firm of Montreal jewelers had in its shop window statuettes of Michael Angelo's famous "Night" and "Morning" on the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici. These remarkable effigies, it will be remembered, are scantily clad, and being seen for the first time by certain of Montreal's carefullest, struck them as lacking a due regard for propriety in dress. They complained to the Chief of Police, who promptly dragged the shopkeepers before the Recorder. M. de Montignor knows his business and is perfectly aware that a dead Italian like Buonarrotti has no standing in a Canadian court. He knows, too, that our first parents could not appear as God made them in the streets of Montreal without exciting scandal. So, putting his bits of information together, he ruled that Michael Angelo's images must be retired, and that the audacious jewelers should pay a nominal fine and be more discreet in future. Thus we may learn what a fool a man may be and still be Recorder of Montreal.

CERTAIN officials of the State of Massachusetts lately saw fit to asperse the character of an eminent citizen of New York who wished to trade with them. Mr. Cyrus W. Field tried to buy part of a railroad from them and was repelled on strictly virtuous grounds. Character, they told

him, went for something in Boston, and they could not sell him their railroad because they feared his ulterior designs. Our eminent fellow-citizen, invoking the help of his eloquent brother, clinched with the haughty Bostonians, and public opinion inclines to the belief that he has demonstrated that the Massachusetts men have been hypercritical in their behavior. It is another case of a fair Field and no favor, and we are proud and happy that the unexpected has happened.

INDEED, Boston is not getting many half-pence these days from any source. New York has real fun with her ball nine; Columbia evokes wailing and lamentation from Harvard, and Philadelphia bids for her favorite priest without shame or hesitation. They say, too, that John Lawrence Sullivan has a very great mind to remove himself to the vast West, and that he is now prospecting in Chicago and viewing the land and the anarchists. Which makes it easy to understand why Boston finds her greatest happiness in retrospection and prepares to salt down the fame she has got. She talks of putting up a statue of Wendell Phillips. No wonder!

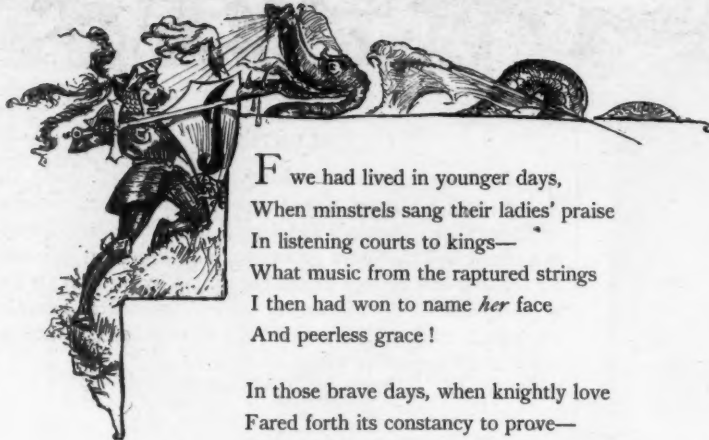
DOES any one keep an eye on Greece? She continues to get up steam, absolutely refusing to take the weights off her safety valve or rake down her fires. The powers fear she will explode, and have hoisted danger signals and withdrawn their ambassadors to places of safety. But she keeps right on, and costs the newspapers a fortune for cable messages about news that does not happen. England is getting too much entertainment out of Mr. Gladstone to give her much attention, and there is real danger that her lid may fly off and no one know it.

MR. POWDERLY talks excellent sense to his knights, giving them, somewhat at length, the scriptural injunction to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. If he hopes, as appears, to bring the wisdom of these precepts home to his charges, how far from his calculations must be the prospect of days in which his labors shall be confined to the Utopian eight-hour limit. It is a vast loaf which Mr. Powderly is trying to leaven. It is to be hoped, and it is probably true, that the Knights of Labor include many more obscure persons whose lifting power is of a like quality with his. It will require all their buoyancy to keep such of their colleagues as Martin Irons and O'Donnell from turning the labor cake to hopeless dough.

IT is true that the Canadians have seized an American schooner, but there was no beer in it. We can still beat the Britishers in a foot race.

CHIVALRY.

1486-1886.



F we had lived in younger days,
When minstrels sang their ladies' praise
In listening courts to kings—
What music from the raptured strings
I then had won to name *her* face
And peerless grace!

In those brave days, when knightly love
Fared forth its constancy to prove—
If we had lived, how gladly I
Had faced the foe and tourney cry
To meet brave death or deathless fame
In her dear name!

But since we are condemned by fate
To walk the earth so sadly late—
I lay aside both lance and rhyme
And in the manner of the time
To prove what passion in me thrills,
I—pay her bills!

F. B. Bard.



SO DELICATE.

THE Chinese Minister had barely set foot in Washington when he was waited upon by the *elite* of that city and invited to contribute to a hospital from which his own countrymen are excluded.

A gentleman writing from that city says:

The Chinese Minister, not having been presented to the President, his official presence had not begun, and therefore no notice can be taken of the event.

But, at the next meeting of the Garfield Hospital Trustees, a resolution will be offered for admission to that institution of all the Chinese who are not permitted to land in the United States, and for the necessary enlargement of the buildings, regardless of expense, a suitably prepared copy to be presented to the Chinese Minister by the Trustees. This is looked forward to as a very interesting occasion.

IN these days the most popular minister is he who plays the saint with the men and the devil with the women.

MAN gives advice as a doctor gives physic—not because he has taken it himself, but as an experiment.

THE girl with the sweet tooth becomes the woman with the false one.



Mamma: WHY, NELLIE, HOW PALE YOU LOOK! HAVE YOU BEEN SICK?
Nellie (just returned from an unusually complicated supper): YES, BUT I UNSWALLOWED MYSELF, AND I'M BETTER.



THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

HOW happy must the people be
Amid these islands blest,
Where strikers cease from troubling
And switchmen are at rest.

No Powderlys infest these isles,
No Martin Irons jaw,
No Knights of Labor proclaimate,
No riots break the law.

Among these cheerful islanders
A man is but a man,
And be he either poor or rich
They serve him if they can.

Sometimes they serve him raw, again
They do him up on toast;
Braized, buttered, stewed; anon, perchance,
They serve him as a roast.



THE COURSE OF WHAT'S ITS NAME, ETC.

She: OH, VERNON! AND DID THE DEADLY BOOTJACK NEARLY ROB ME OF YOU?

He (with suppressed emotion): OH, HEAVENS! HOW CAN I TELL HER I HAVE LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER!

CELESTIAL.

IT is rumored that the angels, with St. Peter, S. W. O. G. (Supreme Warder of the Outer Gate), as leader, are on a strike for shorter hours. The harps are said to be piled up in a corner and the outer gates are unguarded. Applicants for celestial honors pass unchallenged. Why would n't it be a good time for Mr. Broadway and his twelve aldermanic disciples to apply? They never will have another chance so good, and "they never would be missed."



ANOTHER BOY-COTT.

A BICYCLE which had been ridden through Turkey and into Persia wrote a letter home to another Bicycle, telling all about the strange things it had seen in its travels. Among other strange things it had seen people called to prayers five times every day, and their stores left open with no one to attend them. It had seen poor children who were laughing, good-natured and happy, though it could not recall a single case of wife beating, and had not once heard of women being kicked to death or their heads broken with empty beer mugs. It had seen dogs, horses and other animals kindly and humanely treated everywhere, and decently fed. It did not remember, however, seeing a single poorhouse or jail; or a single man who had got rich wrecking railroads; or a Knight of Labor who would n't work himself or let any one else work, though it did see many other very strange and unaccountable things which would not be understood by Christian people.

This fable teaches that charity begins at home, and that benighted America would prove a good field for missionary labor if the Foreign Boards would only import a few of the right kind of heathen to teach us the principles of true Christianity.

MRS. MALAPROP (to daughter, who is going on a visit to the country): My dear, you must not wear your best clothes when you're romping in the mountains. I see a man named Goodyear advertises the best quality of garden hose at fifteen cents a foot. That's only thirty cents a pair, so you had better go and get some.

FORCE OF HABIT.

GUEST (irascibly): I am obliged to make a complaint against the waiter who attended me at dinner. He became insolent when I wouldn't tip him at every course.

Hotel Proprietor (obsequiously): I must request you to excuse him, sir; he has seen better days, and his insolence is unintentional. He once was a New York Alderman.

KEEPING DOWN UNNECESSARY EXPENSES.

BOYCOTTER (to butcher): As you have concluded to employ none but union men, Mr. Smith, we will order the boycott off at once. But you will have to pay the expenses of the boycott, of course.

Butcher: I suppose so. How much will they be?

Boycotter: Forty cents for car fare and eight dollars for beer. Eight forty, please?



SQUIRE CHILLINGHART MAKES A VISIT.

FROM PIGNAPOKE.

PIGNAPOKE, C. H.

EDITOR LIFE:

ON a chilly night the little room at the back of my store in Pignapoke is quite a cozy place. Many little gifts from members of our society adorn its walls. I was a little dubious about hanging up a decorated scrubbing board until Lucretia showed me a print of one in the catalogue of a large New York dry-goods house.

To Lucretia I am indebted for a rolling-pin and potato-masher, studded with brass hooks, to hang my neckties and knickknacks on.

Over the mantel-piece the candle light flashes on a group of armor. It is composed entirely of material I found about the place, but the general effect is very striking.

As I sat one night before the blazing wood fire thinking how much brighter life seemed when surrounded by these little evidences of

taste, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a heavy rapping at the door, followed almost at once by the entrance of Squire Chillinghart.

To my greeting and offer of a chair he made no response, but placing his hat upon the mantel turned slowly and glanced scornfully around at my walls, until his gaze fastened itself on my humble person. I saw that his errand was not one of peace, so with all the coolness I could muster I lit a cigarette, sat down upon the lounge, and left him standing in the middle of the floor.

There was a period of ominous silence and then the squire brought down his cane upon the floor.

"Young man," said he, "I understand you are the ringleader in this 'ere Cultur' Society that my Lucretie's into. An' as such I hold you responsible for all the 'tarnal high jinkin' that's been goin' on in this district of late.

"I can't leave home a week without some fool thing bein' done about my place, and that tobogganin' slide beats 'em all. 'Stead o' slidin' down hill like people o' sense, ye pile up straw agin my barn, reskin' its burnin' to the ground, tharby cancellin' my insurance! Not



"HER SMILE DISPELLED ALL GLOOM."

content with that, you encourage and abet my daughter in cuttin' up all the blankets to the spar' bed, so 't an old friend I brought home with me caught a terrible enfluenza.

"Then it's the common talk of all the neighbors that you was seen a tobogganin' round my barn-yard in your red flannels and stockin' feet! You may call that a tobogganin' suit, but I call it shameless impudence, and I forbid you ever to come to my house again!"

And then the squire shook his cane at me, clapped on his hat, and

strode out of the door before I could say a word. That was two weeks ago, and I had n't seen Lucretia since, until to-day.

Last night Uncle Obadiah Lafayette came in and assured me that "Miss 'Crecy had n't gib up de cultcha society yit. Why I heahd her askin' dat lowdown Abe Jolly to quit his foolin' and jine de society only las' night!" he said.

This was cold comfort, but this morning I met Lucretia and her father on their way to church and her smile, like the rising sun, dispelled all gloom.

Yours,

Algernon McGump.



THE GOOD CAUSE.

LIFE'S fund for the Cesnola monument is getting on bravely. We have received no money yet, but several large offers have been tendered conditionally. One citizen, for instance, will contribute a thousand dollars if he may be allowed to pull the nose of the famous Italian before handing over the money. Another promises five hundred dollars, provided the monument bear the words

ME AND MUNCHAUSEN.

Charley Sluggie says if we will get up a meeting between himself and Luigi, Marquis of Queensbury rules, he will pay for the whole monument if he fails to knock him out in three rounds.

Such conditions make it much harder for us to raise the necessary funds. It is peculiarly annoying, as we have secured the land for the structure, and \$900,000,000,000 would be ample to erect a monument that would express the affection of the community for this eminent scientist.

The following letter has been received as we go to press:

EDITOR OF LIFE:

I willingly tender my lot on the corner of Fifth avenue for a monument to Mr. Palmitoff di Cesnola, and am delighted that he is selected for the honor. We have had too many goody monuments, and it is high time that men of Luigi's stamp should be noticed. I considered something of a liar in my youth, and my talents in that direction have not lain idle; also, in spite of my seventy-two years, I am still considered a tolerably "live boy," but when I realize what Luigi has done with that collection, my enthusiasm just runs away with me. He deserves a monument.

Very truly yours,

PHINEAS O'D. S. N.

There is no truth in the rumor that a certain benevolent society has offered Mr. Luigi Palmitoff di Cesnola three thousand dollars a year for the next ten years if he will leave the country and take his collection with him.

APPEARANCES are deceiving in this world. The nicest man you ever met was a bunco-steerer.

BOOKS

MR. BUNNER'S NOVEL.

IT warms the heart and touches with brighter colors the cold gray of an uneventful life to read a story of the affections—not passionate or disordered love which puts the whole world out of focus, but kindly, generous feeling, an unconscious sympathy with humanity in distress.

And this is the pleasure in store for those who read Mr. H. C. Bunner's novel, "The Midge" (Charles Scribner's Sons). There is not a touch in it of the modern cynicism which cheapens the individual life, none of the subtle class distinctions which American snobbery has invented, nor any gilded morality. It is the old-fashioned gospel of humanity which deals gently with the erring, and holds out a hand to a brother in distress. It makes of a generous action not a self-denial, but something which adds a pleasure and a richness to him who gives and him who receives. You close this story feeling that a narrow life on the common level may be filled with a genuine happiness unknown, perhaps, among the favorites of fortune.

* * *

THE tender relations of *Midge* and *Dr. Peters* in Mr. Bunner's story are as beautiful in their way as the love of *Ethel* for the elder *Newcome*. There is an immeasurable distance between the French quarter of New York and Bryanstone Square, but honest, truthful affection adds a glory to life in either place.

And what a lovable creature is the *Midge*!—self-willed, impulsive, but true—a delightful combination of the elf-child and woman. This study of child life is a credit to Mr. Bunner's sympathies as well as to his literary skill. The quaint talk of the little one, and the charming development in her of womanliness are qualities that appeal to the heart as a real child does because she is *genuine*.

For our part, *Midge* loses half her charm when she coils up her hair, puts on long dresses, and ceases to be a child. And I think Mr. Bunner was sorry also. I half believe he would have liked to end the story with the ninth chapter, and leave us with the memory of the good old doctor standing by *Midge* and looking into her wide open eyes, and asking her whether she loved him, "right clean through, honest and true." And while the autumn sunlight streams down the avenues of trees in Washington Square and brightens up the modest sitting-room she gently answers: "You know I love you."

* * *

ONE does not like to think of the generous Doctor sitting desolate in the big pantry, resting his head against the old jar where *Midge* had cried away her childish griefs. *Hathaway* is a good fellow, no doubt, and *Midge* and he are happy up in Harlem; but they should not leave the old man alone, who made their happiness possible.

WE have praised Sidney Luska and Ivory Black for giving us distinct and faithful pictures of certain interesting localities of this great and complex city. Mr. Bunner has added the French quarter to the romances of New York, and shares in their honor.

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

THE MIDGE. By H. C. Bunner. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lovers Four and Maidens Five. By Julius Chambers. Porter & Coates. Philadelphia.

A Victorious Defeat. By Wolcott Balestier. Harper & Bros.

"HUB" PUNCH—One of Sullivan's.

A FRENCH HORN—Absinthe.

WOMAN is like a coin—she is prized according to her face value.

A DRAMA.

(La Caricature.)



Prologue.—THE ARTIFICIAL SPIDER. Act I.—SINISTER PROJECTS.



Act II.—ALARM.

Act III.—PERSECUTED INNOCENCE.



Act IV.—DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

Act V.—THE CRIME REVENGED.



THE MODERN NO

DO THESE GENTLEMEN FIND WHAT THEY
OH, YES.
WHAT IS IT?
NOTHING.



MODERN NOVEL.

ND WHAT THEY ARE HUNTING FOR?



WITH the critics of to-day an old and well-established brand of opera or drama is absolutely necessary before unqualified praise can be bestowed. The time-honored bouquet connoisseur, who swears by Mumm and Mrs. Clicquot; or the prejudiced epicure, who knows but one *pâté de foie gras* worth discussing, are not more rigorously conservative than nineteenth century critics.

"Assume every new author, dramatist or composer to be a dolt yearning for oblivion, until he is proved beyond recall to be worth a second hearing," is the charitable rule of the day. And thus it comes to pass that Mr. E. Jakabowski, who has written the music of "Erminie," just produced at the Casino, is alluded to as "a certain Mr. Jakabowski;" "an aspirant calling himself Jakabowski;" "Jakabowski, whoever he may be," and so on, until the poor man must be so tormented by doubts as to his own entity that he will never feel the necessity—like *Cadeaux*, in his opera—of "proving a halibi."

With "Erminie" Mr. Rudolph Aronson has scored a success which, to the weary audiences who have been listening to the sausage-and-sauerkraut operas he has been so relentlessly producing for the last year, will prove a godsend. It has none of the Teutonic-ness of the compositions which are supposed to appeal to Vienna tendencies—and there is a positive dearth of legs, which, by some mistaken notion, Mr. Aronson seems to have hitherto imagined were essential to comic opera in New York.

In place of these characteristics are the refinement and grace of a London success; the dash of spice which is flavorful but non-pervading, and the *cachet* peculiar to the French. "Erminie," wonderful to relate, has a plot, most amusing in itself, and admirably worked out. It has, moreover, several characters distinctly sketched, which neither pander to the inevitable topics of the day nor behave themselves as though it were impossible to act and sing at the same time.

Francis Wilson as *Cadeaux*, the clever thief, who cannot sink his jailness even in the drawing-room, is as inimitable in his way as Debailleul as *Robert Macaire* years ago at the Paris Gymnase. The characters are one and the same, I may say. Nothing that Mr. Wilson has hitherto done at the Casino can compare with his *Cadeaux*, which is excruciatingly ticklesome.

Harry Paulton's libretto is good throughout. There may be one or two jokes which age has not improved, and there may be an unpardonable pun or two; but the few conditionals are swamped by the abundant indicatives. Mr. Jakabowski's music is charming. I do n't care if Jakabowski be an office boy, a bottle washer, a *valet de chambre*, or even a tramp.

His music is charming, all the same, and must claim recognition. The thieves chorus, "What the dicky bird says," the lullaby and the good night chorus, are whistlish and hummable after one hearing. What does a comic opera lover want more than that?

Mr. Aronson's company is seen at its best, and the cast has been carefully and intelligently made. Miss Hall, as *Erminie*, is rather weak as compared with Miss Florence St. John in the same *rôle*, but she looks pretty, and her voice the other night was in extremely good condition. The female hit of "Erminie," in my humble judgment, is Miss Jennie Weathersby, as *Princess de Grampeneur*. Miss Weathersby is delightfully quaint in her huge crinoline, and her comedy never fails her. Miss Marion Manola, as *Crise*, is nothing. She manages to make a complete zero of her part, and to murder—slowly, cruelly and apparently complacently—a pretty song. Miss Schilling has very little to do, and very little to look. W. S. Daboll, as *Ravennes*, the companion of *Cadeaux*, is very entertaining, and makes a pleasant foil for Mr. Wilson. The scenery and costumes of "Erminie" are the best ever produced by the Aronsons. Quaint designs, unusual pinks and greens and delightful contrasts abound. Mr. Jakabowski's opera is long, but it is not long enough. People hunger for good things when they have been deluged with bad ones.

Alan Dale.

SPORT

"Nec dulces amores
sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,
Donec viventi cantiles abest
Morosa."

Which, being freely translated to suit the occasion, might be interpreted thus: "Spurn not, O boy, the sweet love—15, nor the choral dance of the collegiate youth whose baseball nine has triumphed, as long as you are not so old as to be relegated to the position of umpire." After this classic overture, let us ring up the curtain.

"LON" MYERS is a phenomenon in more ways than one. He has entered the field of professional athletics and defeated W. G. George, middle-distance champion of England, handily at 1,000 yards and three-quarters of a mile—the latter a longer distance than he was supposed to be good for. The series of races was to have included one of 1,160 yards, if each man had won one of the first two events. If George had beaten Myers at three-quarters of a mile no one would have been surprised, for George's English record at that distance is 3:08¾, and his American time is 3:10 2-5, while the best Myers has done is 3:13. Any amount of excitement, glory and gate money might have been got out of a hippodrome, but Myers never entertained such an idea for a moment. He ran to win. The challenge for a mile, made by George immediately after the race, was genuine and was not prearranged. He ought to beat Myers at that distance, his record being six seconds better than the American's. Whatever the result of the races may be, it is an encouraging thing to see two gentlemen competing as professionals in a manly contest in an open, straightforward and honorable manner.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, like the bees among the vernal flowers, has gone mad with joy at having beaten Harvard at baseball. Columbia never accomplished anything at the game before, but in addition to Harvard she has beaten Princeton this season. The home of



She: YOU SEEM BLUE; HAVE YOU LOST A FRIEND?

He: NO; I HAVE JUST GAINED ONE. I ASKED MISS CLARA IF SHE WOULD BE MY WIFE AND SHE SAID: "NO, BUT I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND."

sound Presbyterian theology and the abode of all that is truly beautiful in literary culture must feel sore at thus having the palm of collegiate preëminence snatched away from them. New York, on the other hand, should be very proud to see its great university leaping at a bound into the van of educational progress in this country. Yale alone surpasses her, for the New Haven college points with pride to O'Rourke, her law student, playing on the New York team.

CERTAIN members of the Rockaway Hunt Club appear to be saddened by the fact that the steeplechase element in the organization has become the reigning one. It is truly painful to see a club formed with the laudable purpose of encouraging the growth of English ideas in America, and especially of spreading a love for the noble sport of risking life and limb in pursuit of the subtle anise-seed bag, being brought down to the common American business of racing. Woman was surely at the bottom of this. She dearly loves to see a steeplechase. Sir Walter Scott once remarked: "All for a hazel eye and a little cunning red and white—and so falls ambition."

PHILADELPHIA may not be so great a city as New York in commerce, but she sometimes plays baseball. "The rest is silence."

AT THE DOG SHOW.—"Why does that young man wear a blue ribbon in his coat? Has he joined a temperance society?"

"Oh dear, no; he has taken a first prize."

"In what?"

"In the puppy class."

MR. EDWARD BURGESS, the designer of the *Puritan*, believes that his new boat, the *Mayflower*, will easily outsail the champion of last year. The *Atlantic* is to be a genuine skimmer of the seas, and the *Priscilla*, with alterations, is expected to do wonders. The *Galatea*, which is coming over to compete for the cup against the best of these, is a smart boat; but we shall never be happy until we have outsailed the *Irex*, *Marjorie*, *Marguerite* and *Tara*. Will not some one get up a grand international regatta to be sailed somewhere, somehow and for something?

Tricotrin.

A YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN AND A BOBTAIL CAR.

A NEATLY dressed young man was seated in a bobtail car. He was a bank employee, and, holding only an inferior position as a clerk upon a small salary, he had had a good deal of experience at figures and was rapid and accurate at mental arithmetic.

Then an old lady got in. Her countenance betokened a nature benevolent and kindly, but not acute or mathematical. Of course she did not have the correct change. This was not because she was old or old-fashioned or benevolent, but merely because she was a woman. At last she found a ten-cent piece, and the young man, who was not only smart but polite, not being a Teller at his bank, reached forward, touched his hat and took it.

The old lady thanked him, and waited for him to open the slide, poke the driver in the back and get a little envelope of change in the orthodox bobtail car way. Instead of that he calmly put the ten-cent piece in his own pocket. Then he drew a five-cent piece from another pocket and put it in the box for the fare, and then produced still five cents more and returned it to the old lady.

But the old lady did not understand the transaction, and the rest of the passengers looked puzzled. A moment more and she burst out violently and demanded what right he had to take her money and put it in his pocket, and the rest of the passengers said, "That's so," and looked indignant. He tried to explain that the transaction was purely unselfish on his part; that by putting five cents in the box, returning five cents to the old lady and keeping her ten cents himself, every one got what he was entitled to, and he did not make anything himself. But the old lady, who knew the bobtail car system only by rote, could not get over the fact that her ten-cent piece was in the young man's pocket instead of the driver's box. Then an old gentleman with a big cane chivalrously took the lady's part, and said that the least the young man could do was to return her ten-cent piece to the old lady and let her do what she liked with it, and the rest of the passengers shouted, "That's fair," and commenced to get excited. The young man tried to make it plain that by this he would lose five cents himself, but with no success. Then the driver stopped the car, and finding what was the cause of the disturbance, he mashed the young man's hat and threw him out into the street for stealing passengers' fares. And the rest of the passengers growled, "Good! Served the sneak right!"

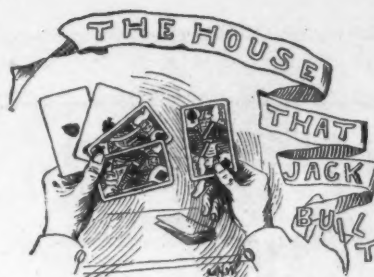
MORAL: This fictitious, but very possible, story teaches one never to do favors for nothing, and also not to ride in bobtail cars.

C. R. H.

A YOUNG INFIDEL.

MRS. BROWN (indignantly): Get up there, Johnny, and say your prayers; you must not go to bed like a beast.

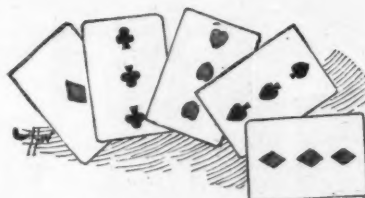
Little Johnny (coiling himself up comfortably in bed): That's all right, then, ma; it's only the beasts that prey, you know.



THIS is the "House"
That Jack built.



This is the "stag,"
With the crumpled horn,
That "bucked the Tiger"
From eve till morn
And put his overcoat in pawn
To bet on the "House"
That Jack built.



These are the four united tres
That "saw" the "edge"
And "stood" the "raise"
And "lifted back"
And "blew the blaze"
And "hammered" the "House"
That Jack built.



This is the light
But dainty food
That nourished the strength
Of the "busted" dude
Who "staked his pile"
And lost his "bood'e"
Through his trust
In the "House"
That Jack built.

R. H. S.



COINCIDENCE.
THE angler to the brooklet hies,
Puts on his hook the tempting bait
Of wriggling worms or gaudy flies
And for the troutlet lies in wait.

Next day, when by his friends besought
The nature of his luck to state,
He tells what heavy fish he caught,
And as before, he lies in weight.

—Boston Courier.

"LANCELOT," asked Elaine, looking up from the *Eagle*, "how do strikers 'kill' an engine? I can't understand it at all."

"Easy as lying," replied Lancelot promptly. "You just climb over the tail-board into the cab, open the blow-off cock by lowering the connecting rods until the crank-pin is level with the cross-head of the fulcrum connections, push in the brass throttle-ratchet till it reaches the crown sheet, which lets the water-glasses fall into the fire-box—"

"Oh! now I see," she said, joyously, "and of course that puts out the fire. But, Lancelot, if I knew as much about engines as you do, I would n't stand at the ribbon counter another day. I'd just go out where the strike is and be a president of a railroad myself."

And Lancelot kissed her and said he would, just as soon as his new tennis suit came home.—*Boston Post*.

MRS. CLAY'S TOLERATION OF POKER.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND confesses that he is not a success at poker. Henry Clay was more fortunate. He used to have card parties at the Ashland homestead and it is not on record that the speculation was a bad one. One day a young lady visitor from the North, to whom the sight of the poker tables was rather an alarming one, said to the wife of the statesman:

"Mrs. Clay, does n't it shock you to see your husband playing cards so much in his own house?"

"Oh, no," replied the benevolent old lady innocently, "he most always wins."—*Washington Hatchet*.

"LET me see some of your black kid gloves," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at a Fifth avenue store.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," said the clerk. "We have had them in stock only two days."

"I did n't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan stitches and *vice versa*. I see the tan stitches, but not the *vice versa*."

The clerk explained that *vice versa* was French for seven buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*.

IT is a wise railroad stock that knows its own par.—*Boston Beacon*.

THE New York *Tribune* believes the Panama canal will be completed in the time allowed, because M. de Lesseps is "moving heaven and earth" to accomplish that end. M. de Lesseps would get on faster if he would move less heaven and more earth.—*San Francisco Wasp*.

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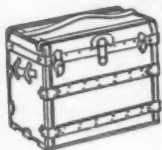
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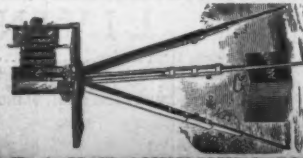
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ANOTHER of Raphael's pictures has been found in a Western town. The frequency of occurrences of this sort gives rise to the belief that Raphael was not a painter, but the proprietor of a chromo family.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THERE is nothing in the game of baseball calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, unless it is the decisions of the umpire.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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THE prettiest things in spring bonnets—Girls.—*Hartford Times.*

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